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Our Relief Society Stake Presidents.

By Susa Young Gates.

The organization founded by the Prophet Joseph Smith, March 17, 1842, has done much more than can be expressed in words for woman as a sex, for the individual woman, and especially for the "Mormon" woman. The lessons of self-reliance, independent thinking, and humanitarian development, have been beyond price. The limitations of mortality give no measurement with which to weigh and estimate the incalculable good which has accrued to the home, the family, and the state, through the training given to women by the Relief Society. We may dimly feel and feebly express this great human gain, but not until eternity widens our vision and perfects our apprehension will we know the value of the mission given in 1842.

The organization machinery of the Relief Society, in these few short days of 1918, has won the plaudits of generous minded observers both in our local circles and in the councils of the nation at Washintgon. The living machinery of the Relief Society rests upon the lives and characters of the women who administer in its functions. The general governing Board, with headquarters in Salt Lake City, are but a handful of women named by the general Church authorities and, with all their limitations, well deserve the responsibility placed upon them. But they would be helpless indeed without the second and third bodies of women, also chosen by inspiration, whom we call stake and ward presidents and who administer the affairs of the various organizations in their diocese. These women must be broad in sympathy, mellow of heart, quick of intellect, and possessed of that matchless gift, executive power. We have been presenting to our readers the portraits of some of our able stake presidents. We hope to include all of these leading women in the Church, ere this series of portraits is completed. We are proud to grace these

pages in this manner, and to present to each other and to the world a pictured testimony concerning the women of Zion.

Our group of faces this month is particularly interesting, for among these are some of our ablest and wisest officials. We have Pres. Annie C. Hindley, alert, tactful, generous and zealous; Pres. Thompson, an up-to-date, vigorous executive officer; Pres. Ericson, the soul of probity and faithfulness; Pres. Boswell, eagerly engaged in making a banner stake of her newly organized group. Especially would we draw attention to Sister Martha F. Keeler, for the reason that not only is she a noble type of her class, but she has given a supreme evidence of her wisdom and unselfish devotion to duty.

Sister Keeler laid the foundation of her life-work in dutiful home toil. She sought education at its fountain head, when she entered the Brigham Young University, in 1882, and the next year she married one of the rising forces in that institution, Joseph B. Keeler. She has been the mother of ten active, exemplary children. Out of the stress and strain of continuous motherhood, never with a servant in the house, she has educated each of her children at the expense of her own vital needs; for, although the helpful family has each given domestic assistance, the burden ever fell heaviest and remained longest on the mother's shoulders.

In 1906 she was appointed president of the Utah Stake Relief Society. She possesses in unmeasured quality the rare power to share her responsibilities, labors and honors with every other gifted and eagerly ambitious worker near her, without a trace of personal jealousy or nagging envy. Under her benign influence all avenues of Relief Society work budded, blossomed and bore fruit. Among the very first, if not the first, stake Relief Societies in the Church, she directed an outline course of study to be prepared and printed; committees were appointed; the work was divided, systematized and regulated; union meetings were instituted monthly in connection with the stake priesthood meetings, where every interest and function of the Relief Society was developed through reports discussed in each separate department. Lessons were here given first to ward teachers, and system marked all the labors.

During the past year, when the war has risen above all common interests and needs, when the poor have forgotten their wants and have contributed help and a measure of their pittance for war charity and conservation, this wise stake president has kept her public balance-wheel so delicately adjusted that the nation's call has been met and answered in every home in that stake; and still no one study, no one charitable activity, no phase of Relief Society work proper, has been neglected or even slighted. Yet the strain of directing, the wearing burden of large

responsibility together with the overcrowding home duties sent warning to the soul of this woman leader in Israel, and in all wisdom and humility she answered that call. She had seen the younger women about her grow and develop into the possibilities of the leadership within them; and, like the Latter-day Saint that she is, she decided modestly and quietly to step aside and let younger, stronger women pick up the burdens she had trained them to assume. Quietly, on the 1st of February, 1918, Sister Keeler resigned her position, at the same time accepting a minor office in the Board, so that the younger women should not be deprived of her counsel and help. Listen to her own statement:

"Many of my friends have wondered why I ask for a release, why I should want to withdraw from the Presidency of the Utah Stake Relief Society when, as they say, all departments of ward and stake activity are moving along satisfactorily. I had two reasons: first, because for more than a year past I have felt that the heavy responsibilities of my position were producing a physical and mental strain beyond my power of endurance. Second, and most important of all, is my high appreciation of the Relief Society cause in Zion. It needs the very best attention, especially in these days of stress, commotion and change. There is no place for a slacker or for slacking. Every woman who has a proper estimate of our organization will lend to it her best efforts outside of her own home. I am thoroughly converted to the divine mission of the Relief Society. It will succeed just as truly as this latter-day gospel will succeed. Membership in the organization should be considered a most sacred privilege by every woman in Zion. It has been my pride and ambition, during the years I have served, to watch it grow and to help it along to the extent of my ability. We have many excellent, trained women in our stake possessed of faith and enthusiasm, eager to do good, and withal fully qualified for responsibility. There will be no jar, no halt, no wavering, but the work will go steadily on. It would break my heart if I thought for a moment that I should be deprived of doing my bit and earning my standing in this the greatest organization for women in the world."

There is a time to labor and a time to quit. How few of us laborers know when the right time comes to quit.

A Quitter—Almost.

By Edna Coray.

It was nearly a facer for Ada Varley. A week had now passed—or was it a year?—and she was beginning to realize the enormity of the mishap that had brought her to the hospital and incidentally changed the whole aspect of her life. The attending physician, in response to her insistent demand, had told her the exact truth about her condition, and like a death knell to all her hopes his reluctant words still rang in her ears:

"The burns upon your arm, neck and face will probably leave permanent scars, but we are not yet sure whether the sight of your left eye is destroyed. However, the right one is uninjured and if it should have to do double service, it will become stronger than ever."

"What about my left hand?" she had anxiously inquired.

"My girl, I fear that you may not regain the use of the fingers, as the nerves and tendons are so deeply burned."

"Then I can never play my violin again!" she moaned, and in unutterable chagrin had tried to grasp the overwhelming fact.

That was three days ago; since then, she had scarcely slept or eaten. The kindly nurse had wheeled her chair over to the window, and having placed within reach a small table laden with various tokens from sympathetic friends, had left her alone for a while. A tall vase of pink carnations, towering above sundry cards, bon bons and magazines, claimed her chief attention just now. A letter had accompanied the flowers, and she drew it from her pocket for another reading.

"My dear Ada," it ran, "I feel very much abused, not to say affronted, by your persistent disinclination to receive any visitors, not even *me*, though you must know I have suffered tortures of anxiety and suspense since your accident, because you and your welfare are of the most intimate concern to me. The orchestra is all broken up about you, and when I glance at your vacant chair near my piano, I've got to turn away quick to keep from losing myself completely."

With a moaning sigh, she left off reading. The following sentences were full of tender suggestiveness that needed but a word of encouragement from her to become very personal indeed. What could—what *dared* she say to him *now*! He had not the least idea what a frightful difference had been made in her viewpoint. Disfigured, blinded, and crippled, she could no longer aspire to any man's love, much less that of Joe Cirrol, her musical

playmate and best friend. No, she would not allow him to commit himself further. She would write merely a courteous acknowledgment, casually referring to her present plight and the consequent necessity of changing her plans for the future. She would make it clear that she expected to fight her own way in life's battle, but, of course, would give him no hint of the magnitude of her renunciation.

The thought of this was overpowering, and in dumb, tearless misery she crumpled down among her supporting pillows, Joe's letter crushed against her breast, and her heart literally ready to break.

Hearing the door of her room opened, she feigned sleep, hoping to be left undisturbed. She felt the nurse's light touch upon her wrist and cheek, and from underneath her eyelashes saw the white clad attendant turn to the little table and place something upon it, then quietly leave. Alone again, Ada listlessly glanced at the table and saw a small vial, evidently just left by the nurse. The next moment she was staring in surprise, for she had caught sight of the ominous insignia of skull and crossbones upon the label, and in curious wonderment picked up the bottle for closer inspection. There were some cabalistic letters and figures, but no other marks of identification, and she gazed at the dark liquid in a sort of fascination.

Suddenly an idea shot through her apathetic brain that galvanized it into instant alertness: "Poison! Here is a way out! This will solve all heart-breaking problems! Fate has been kind to me after all. Oh Death, thou hast no sting! Long life to you!"

Her trembling hand with difficulty replaced the vial in its former position, then she drowsily settled back in her chair. A delicious restfulness permeated her being. Harrassing thoughts no longer weighed down her buoyant spirit. Physical discomfort was gone. The memory of friends and associates became hazy, and gradually faded into nothingness.

Sometime later she was roused by voices just outside her door, and like a child about to be caught in mischief, Ada yielded to the impulse to run away from impending chastisement. Starting up, she was astonished at finding herself floating in midair, while before her in the chair lay a crumpled human shape with bandaged head and arm—was *that* her own maimed, discarded body?

Someone was about to enter the room, and with an exultant laugh she projected herself like a beam of light through the window and out into space. A bird escaping from a narrow cage to the freedom of field and forest, sea and sky, could feel no more glorious exhilaration and exaltation than she now felt, as, by the

power of her own will, she sailed away to explore the mysterious ethereal realm beyond Earth's stifling confines.

On and on she flew with the speed of light, through unmeasured distance, and at last beheld the radiant mirage of a great city whose domes, towers and embattlements sparkled and gleamed like bejewelled silver and gold. As she advanced, the mirage imperceptibly blended into the reality, and faint sounds of music reached her. These grew more distinct each moment, until as she neared a splendid gateway, the soft air was vibrant with ecstatic music accompanied by musical instruments in a rhapsody of praise and thanksgiving. Through the open gateway, which seemed to be framed with living light, she saw a part of a brilliant pageant moving slowly along, and among the white clad choristers she recognized her parents and other loved ones.

In rapturous anticipation she rushed toward them, calling out to them in the hope they would see and wait for her. Startled, they turned about, and recognizing her drew back in shocked surprise and evident displeasure. At the same instant a lattice of flaming bars was slid across the entrance way, blocking her passage, and a stern sentry stepped forward demanding her passport.

At her outcry of disappointment and dismay, the loved ones beyond the shining portal cast her one reproachful, almost contemptuous look and resumed their place in the stately procession.

Imploringly she turned to the relentless gate-keeper, but he waved her back saying, "Who summoned you hither? Show me your passport."

Shamefacedly she confessed that she had none.

"Then you cannot enter. You would have had one if you had completed your probation on Earth. Go back and finish it."

"But I have left my body, and —"

"You must remain with it until you are summoned. You had no right to come here uninvited. Begone!"

At his mandatory gesture a lightning bolt flashed past her, creating a resistless current that swept her away from the flame-barred gate, and carried her swiftly back over the way she had come.

Down, down, through cloud and shadow, back toward the dismal earth; on past wandering bands of jeering spirits, some of whom followed her with merciless taunts and scurrility to the very threshold of the hospital where she had left after her ignominious flight. An invisible cable seemed dragging at her feet, and she realized that it was attached to a dead weight that she could in nowise move. In horror and unspeakable remorse she knew that the ghastly anchor was the body of flesh and bone that she tried to cast off before the allotted time.

Wearily dragging the heavy, though invisible cable after her, she re-entered the hospital room whence she had fled so jubilantly not many hours, or was it only minutes, ago. Everything was just as she had left it—evidently no one had entered the room since her surreptitious departure, for the body was undisturbed. Presently it would be discovered and—*buried*! Oh, then she would have to keep her wretched vigil alone in the cemetery—helplessly anchored there until her allotted time on earth was spent, and the Power that governed all things should sever the cruel cable and release her! Meanwhile, she would be tormented not only by her remorse of conscience, but by the horrible “wandering spirits” that mocked her plight! How many years of such torture might be ahead! Oh, how worse than imbecile had been her rashness in flinging off a life that, though fearfully handicapped, need not have been a failure! She could now see many fields of usefulness—even happiness—that might have been available, the very least of which would have been a rare joy compared with the condition in which she was now. What a coward she had been! Joe would be ashamed of ever having been her friend and his spirit, honorably released, would spurn hers as those of her loved ones in heaven had just now done.

In the words of *another murderer*, her whole being cried out in agony: “My punishment is greater than I can bear!” and flinging herself down beside her inert body, she abandoned herself to her supreme suffering.

“Miss Varley, a party on the telephone insists upon speaking to you a moment, if you feel able to answer.”

The nurse’s quiet words reached Ada’s numbed consciousness as from a great distance, and it was a long moment before she could realize where she was—whether in spirit or in body; but the sight of her own bandaged hand and the crumpled letter in her lap helped to recall her dazed senses at once. A furtive glance at her table assured her that only the friendly offerings were, or had been, there, and a great joy and thankfulness flooded her soul. She had been granted another chance to make good!

“Thank you, nurse,” she brightly responded, “I am feeling especially well, and will be very pleased to answer the call.”

The nurse’s face betrayed her agreeable surprise, for she had probably expected the sullen negative as usual. Quickly adjusting the extension cord, she handed Ada the receiver-transmitter and left her alone.

The unspeakable gladness of her soul was reflected by the tones of her greeting to her “party.” Joe’s glad voice exultantly answered:

“At last! Oh, how good it was to hear that voice again!

I've only a moment to talk now, but won't you *please* let me visit you this evening before the show? I have such great news, and other things to talk about. You'll let me come, won't you?"

"Why certainly, if you like," responded Ada a shade more cordially than she intended to.

"Well I *do* like—heaps—and—thank you! I'll be there on the stroke of six, so I'll have two precious hours before I have to be at the theatre. Meanwhile, think of this: *You won't need to give up your violin!*"

"Oh Joe! surely they've told you that—"

"They've told me *everything*. I know the history of the 'case' from A to izzard, so there's not a thing left for you to tell me—except something I'll ask—when I see you. Bye bye!"

"Wait Joe! what *can* you mean—about the violin?"

"Just this: you are going to reverse the strings, and teach your right hand to take the place of your left, which can manage the bow alright. Lots of left-handed people do that all the time, didn't you think of that?"

"Oh no! Joe, you are—just splendid!"

"Thanks. Good bye till six. I *must* go now."

When the nurse looked in a few minutes later, she gave a startled exclamation at sight of Ada sobbing hysterically.

"Not bad news, Miss Varley, I hope! Can't you tell me?"

"N-no, nurse d-dear, but it's not bad news—I'm so happy, I'm almost d-dead, that's all!"

TRUST YET A LITTLE WHILE.

By Maud Baggarley.

Trust yet a little while,

The sun again will shine;

Tho' now you stumble through the night

Peace shall enfold that stricken heart of thine

And morning bring thee light.

The storms of life may bruise his weary heart,

For thou art like a seed within a clod—

That sleeping dreams and hath no part—

Till trials lift thee up to God.

Then trust, tho' dim the path appear,

Tho' shadows almost hide thy way,

One shall not fail thee, have no fear,

Then trust till dawn of Day.

Music.

By Brigham Cecil Gates.

Music is the oldest art referred to in the Scriptures. Job in his divine apostrophe to unbelieving humanity voices the admonition of the Lord with the inquiry, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth, when the stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

Jubal, the son of Cain, is referred to in the fourth chapter of Genesis as the father, or great progenitor, of those who played on the harp and organ. So that music descended with life and love as a part of human heritage.

Job is thought to be one of the oldest books in the Bible, and it was certainly written before the exodus, from all the external evidence. This ancient prince in speaking of those who are mighty in power says: "They take the timbrel and harp and rejoice at the sound of the organ" (Job 21:12).

When Jacob fled from his father-in-law, Laban, he was charged with making no opportunity for sending him out "with mirth and with song, with taboret and with harp" (Genesis 31: 23, 27).

Moses, who had received all the cultural advantages found in the luxurious civilization of Egypt, carried into the wilderness with him not only musical instruments such as were known to the ancient Egyptians, but also proved himself a trained poet and musician when he led the hosts of Israel in his song of victory, after the Red Sea crossing. His sister, Miriam, equally gifted and no doubt equally trained in musical expression, led her singing and dancing minstrels after Moses and his courtly priests, striking the timbrel and singing their poetic response. Wise Moses knew the value of music and at once made it a part of religious worship. Silver trumpets were made with which to announce feasts and fasts, while through the services of the tabernacle, no doubt, wove in and out the pearly jewels of song and melody as an integral part of their solemn rituals.

David, shepherd though he was, abounded in poetic gifts and exquisite musical expression. Although his courage won him first recognition in the courts of Saul, he would have been long forgotten but for his musical skill which caused the troubled king Saul to hold David close to his throne, harp in hand, to soothe the uneasy spirits which haunted his pillow. When David became king himself and arrangements were going forward for the

building of the great temple, regular choirs were appointed by him and the sons of Asaph and Heman and of Jehuhun were separated to the service of music. They were they "who should prophesy with harps, with psalteries and with cymbals." These were all Levites and held the Priesthood, and we are told that "there were 4,000 of them who praised the Lord with the instruments which David made" (I Chron. 23:5; 25:1).

There were 24 bands of musicians which served in the temple by turns. They were ranged about the altar in order of precedence. They had no menial work to do for they were supported in comparative luxury by the tithes of the people, and their only business in life was to study and practice music.

In the temple service there were women musicians employed as well as men. It is to be inferred that they were the daughters of the Levites. Ezra in enumerating the official personages whom he brought to Jerusalem from the Babylonish captivity to take part in the reopening of the rebuilt temple names 200 singing men and singing women (II Samuel 6:5; 19:35; Ezra 2:65; Nehemiah 7:67).

The daily service in the temple was full of picturesque beauty. Music was a constant accompaniment to the various services. The musicians were sometimes divided into two or more separate choirs which sang a general chorus in turn and chanted responses from the Psalms. The structure of the Hebrew Psalms is eminently adapted to this mode of singing, the parallel framework of their poetry embodies the very spirit of responses to hymns of praise. Solemn indeed must have been the effect after the incense had passed from the court into the holy place. In both the morning and evening sacrifice a large instrument, called the *magrepha*, was struck and the priests all hastened to their places. The choristers ranged up and down the various terraces or approaches to the temple. Slowly the priest and his assistants, carrying the incense, ascended from the court of the Levites and the holy place, and after spreading the coals upon the golden altar the high priest gave the word of command. Then the whole multitude of the people without fell down before the Lord, spreading out their hands in silent prayer. It must be remembered that the temple at Jerusalem was a series of terraces built on a somewhat commanding hill. The lower terrace or court was the court of the gentiles; the next higher terrace was the court of the women; the highest court was the court of the Levites or priests, and here the singers were stationed. On the highest court was built the temple itself which was composed of two portions or rooms with an outer approach or vestibule. Within was the holy place where sat the table of shew-

bread and the golden candle-sticks on the other side. Clear across hung the veil of the temple, and back of that was the Holy Place which contained only the Ark of the Covenant and which was entered but once a year even by the high priest himself.

At the morning and evening sacrifice when the multitude of people knelt before the Lord in silent prayer, deep silence rested upon the worshiping assembly while the priests lifted their hands above their heads spreading and joining their fingers in a peculiar mystical manner. Then began the temple music. First the blasts from the silver trumpets were blown, and there were 120 in this service; the singing priests faced the people, looking eastward. "On a signal given by the president, the priests moved forward to each side of him who struck the cymbals. Immediately the choir of the Levites, accompanied by instrumental music, began the Psalm of the day. It was sustained by not less than twelve voices, with which mingled the delicious treble from selected voices of young sons of the Levites, who, standing by their fathers, might take part in this service alone. The number of instrumental performers was not limited, nor yet confined to the Levites, some of the distinguished families which had intermarried with the priests being admitted to this service. The psalm of the day was always sung in three sections. At the close of each the priests blew three blasts from their silver trumpets, and the people bowed down and worshiped. This closed the morning service."

Thus we see that ancient Israel made of music a religious service. We may be sure that music attended their wedding feasts as it did their burial ceremonies. Nor were the people without their social musical diversions. All through the Scriptures music is used as the symbol of divine joy and ecstasy. The gospels teem with references to the regular musical services, while John the Revelator fills his descriptions of heaven with the music of harps and the hymnals of the angels. The exquisite heavenly choirs announced the coming of the Christ Child to this earth and the Revelator typifies the final redemption of man with this eloquent apostrophe:

"And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps: And they sang as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth" (Rev. 14:2, 3).

Father Has an Inning.

By Diana Parrish.

Bob was very proud of himself when the Mayor asked him to occupy a seat on the platform at the canal celebration. He had done considerable on the various committees but his being invited to the platform was an additional honor which he felt he was worthy of, of course, but even so it pleased him. He wondered whether father had been invited to sit on the platform. Father had not been working on any of the committees which was somewhat strange as he nearly always represented the family on such occasions. Bob would have liked to ask father whether or not he was invited, but hesitated to do so for fear that he was not and might consequently be offended when questioned about it. Deep down in his heart Bob was not sure that father had been invited because to his way of thinking father was getting to be a little behind the times and his manners like his business methods were beginning to appear antiquated. It was time that he gradually retired and let his sons carry on the affairs of the family.

There was another thing about which Bob as the oldest son had been wondering. Father of late had been more and more secretive about his business. He had seemed little disposed to discuss his affairs with the boys and had not taken them into his confidence whatever. They were all quite sure that his business was none too good as the war had simply knocked the bottom out of stocks. He had taken three trips to Denver, several trips to Idaho cities, one long trip to Oregon and a hurried journey to Washington, calling at Seattle and several surrounding cities. Each time he came home he seemed more and more worried and tired. On the day of his last return, Bob thought he looked positively ill, but nevertheless relieved. Sort of resigned—as if he had a hard fight, had lost and had given up to his fate, and therefore had the comfort of knowing that at least the struggle was finished. Father said nothing to any of them when they inquired about his trip.

"Had a very good trip," he vouchsafed.

"But, father, you look so worn out! You must let us take some of this work from your shoulders. You must let us help you," urged the boys.

"Nonsense. I am quite all right. Just a little tired and dirty from the train."

Not another word about the business that had taken him away. Not another word about anything.

After father had gone home, the boys looked at each other questioningly.

"He's working to hard," said Bob.

"A man at his age should be retired and living on a little country place looking after the pigs and chickens. Business is not what it was when father first began. Nowadays it's a battle from start to finish. It takes a young man to cope with it." Tim shook his head seriously as he spoke, feeling within himself that he was equal to the great struggle.

"It's too bad," sighed Tom. "Too bad, that father won't retire and live comfortably on what he has saved instead of running the chances of losing it all by carrying on his business in this old-fashioned way."

There was nothing to be done so the boys watched father going in his own way and looking every day a little more jaded and worn.

In the excitement of the coming celebration, Bob and the other boys forgot about father. Such preparations had never been made before, for the canal meant more to the community than any other one thing since the advent of the railroad. The celebration was in honor of the accomplishment of the first step toward the building of the "big ditch" and the Secretary from Washington was coming all the way to congratulate the citizens and encourage them to push their undertaking to completion. Naturally the Secretary became the center of the demonstration. The day was to begin with the people meeting him at the station. From there he was to be escorted by the militia and police to the great mass meeting and banquet in the park.

Everybody in town was stirred up over the event, from "Pop" Harrington down to Sally Cook, the old water cress woman whom all the children declared had webbed feet from wading so much in swamps and ditches. In her enthusiasm the poor old lady offered to furnish the water cress for the banquet, an offer that was gladly accepted as there was no doubt that she could gather cress that would do justice to a Waldorf Astoria feast. "Pop" Harrington drove a coach and four and had a man sit up on the box "winding a horn" as they do in the fashionable coaching outfits. In fair weather his delight was to drive down Center Street dressed in red coat, white breeches, black, shiny boots and tall beaver hat, his four black horses shining and prancing as if they enjoyed the show as much as anybody. The people on the streets stopped to look at him and "Pop" felt that this homage was worth all the expense and trouble that he was put to in keeping up his coach. It was trouble, too, now, for the gout had claimed him and many a day he would have preferred sitting at home with his

foot propped up on a cushioned chair. Nevertheless, gout or no gout, he never could quite bring himself to give up the pleasure of bowing to the populace who stared at him as he passed.

On this occasion, he was sure to be a most conspicuous figure. Had he not been certain of this "Pop" would not have left his chair, for his birthday dinner of last week had made his foot swell twice its size. He wanted to drive beside Melvin Jeremy who was the proud possessor of the biggest motor car in the city. In "Pop's" estimation, motors were not in it when compared to a coach and four. He held his head highest when driving alongside the motor and "showing it up" as he said to his friends. Both "Pop" and Melvin Jeremy wanted to drive the Secretary from the train to the park. The committee on arrangements had both offers and were considerably embarrassed as to which one to accept. In order to avoid trouble they finally decided to let "Pop" meet the delegate and drive to the park. Jeremy was to have the honor of taking him back to the train at night. While "Pop" was congratulating himself that his horses and startling horn would create a sensation with the gentleman from Washington, Jeremy was equally satisfied that his dazzling "blinkers" which were warranted to blind anyone looking into them and turn night into day would please the notable immensely. So each "prominent citizen" was perfectly happy and spent the next few days in dreaming of his conquest.

The Benton family was quite as much exercised as any one else over the gala day. In fact from mother down to the youngest grandchild, each felt that the success of the affair depended largely on his or her efforts. Mother had been asked to furnish two freezers of ice-cream for the banquet, one vanilla and one lemon. "You know lots of people still cling to their liking for lemon flavoring," commented Mrs. Mayford, the chairman of the refreshments. Fannie had been asked to bring sandwiches. She spent days hunting for the latest and most fashionable kinds she could find. Plain ham and cheese were out of the question. Only "unpronounceable" and breath-taking combinations were to be considered. After searching through fashion notes for a week to see what the smart set was eating these days by way of sandwiches, she compromised with pimento cheese, caviar mixtures, and lettuce leaves spread with anchovy paste. Geraldine was helping with the flowers and canvassed the houses in her division for days getting promises of nasturtiums, roses, lilacs, sweet peas and mignonette. She begged so gracefully that her donations filled a wagon in which was a huge basketful of early scented peonies from the garden of old Sam Wilson the only man in town who possessed such a rare variety. She never did tell how she got those peonies but Viola carried two bottles of grape cat-

sup with a neatly-written, exclusive recipe for the same to old Sam the day before the big affair, so she had a pretty good idea of the sacrifice it cost Geraldine. Isobel was also a member of the committees being on the receiving list. She felt that for once she was in her element. Receiving cabinet ministers was just what she was intended for. She would have liked just such a job every day in the year.

The only one who seemed out of it was father. He scarcely took notice of what was going on. He went to his office early and came home late. During the day he was not much to be seen unless it was talking with some stalwart farmers and ranchers.

At two o'clock of the eventful day the train signaled with an unmistakable shriek that there was an important passenger aboard. The citizens who had stood in the boiling sun since eleven heaved a sigh of relief and wiped away their sweaty foreheads for what they hoped would be the last time. As the train came to a stop, the Secretary from Washington stepped to the platform of the private car. A shout went up as the people caught sight of him.

He took off his elegant panama hat and bowed in acknowledgment. At this moment it was intended that the Mayor should make a little speech of welcome to which the Secretary would reply extemporaneously, but these plans were upset by "Pop" Harrington dashing up with his sparkling blacks and his man blowing his horn with such deafening regularity that it completely dumbfounded the Mayor, and "Pop" hustled him and the whole party into his coach without more ado.

The cheers with which the people greeted the honorable gentleman from the Capital more than made up for the loss of an opportunity to speak so no serious damage was done. "Pop" cracked his whip and started his blacks up the street with an unexpected dash that forced the militia and mounted policemen to canter ahead to the next corner and begin the procession there. After a few minutes "Pop" managed to control his jubilation to such a degree that he brought his horses down to a prance. He also signaled his man to stop "winding his horn" much to the relief of the distinguished visitor who was beginning to wonder if the tales he had heard of the wild and woolly west were really true. His fears of momentarily being held up by a masked rider with a shotgun were quieted when he looked on the undisturbed faces of the Governor, the Mayor and the rest of the party who were smilingly acknowledging the applause of the citizens.

Through the town the party went, passing the notable buildings and land, driving up the chief boulevard and finally arriving at the park. For hours the crowd had been gathering round the platform, many foregoing the sight of the visitor at the train so

that they could get a seat near the front at the meeting. It was here also that the chief rivalry between the citizens was manifest. Those who had been invited to sit on the platform walked to their places with an air of self-acknowledged greatness that that was bitter gall to those who had to skirmish for seats below.

Bob assisted with the seating of the guests and then found his own place near the middle of the platform. He could not hope for a front seat *yet*. Also he became suddenly conscious that he had not seen father all day. What on earth could he be doing not to appear on such an occasion. He had seen mother helping with the preparations for the banquet, all the girls seemed to be bustling about, and the boys were lending a helping hand, but father was nowhere in sight. Bob began to condemn himself for not having called the affair to father's attention and for not trying to get father a seat with him. Father was very busy, and even if his methods were old fashioned—perhaps it was all the more reason for his needing help. At any rate he would never let another such opportunity slip by without going directly to father's assistance and—

Bob's ruminations were interrupted by the arrival of the party. Everybody settled back to listen to the program. They entered into the demonstration with whole hearts. They sang the Star Spangled Banner with great enthusiasm. They bowed their heads during the invocation, silently adding supplications of their own. The Governor's address and introduction of the Secretary were especially inspiring. The Secretary's response was thrilling. It made the people feel proud of their accomplishment. They were glad they had gone into the thing and were prepared to carry it on at any sacrifice.

As the Secretary sat down the people relaxed and whispered their approval of the speeches to their neighbors. The orchestra and band got ready to play the final air, the trombone men giving their instruments a few preliminary slides and the cornetists blowing the air from their pieces with gustatory puffs. The Governor squirmed around in his seat and then suddenly got up.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I don't know whether you know it or not but I have been suffering a small purgatory all day. In spite of the fact that we are receiving a congratulatory visit from the Honorable Secretary, we are really not quite prepared to have him. Our plans miscarried at a time too late to ask him to delay his visit." He turned to the Secretary with an apologetic smile.

Everybody was startled by the strange remarks and with the innate human love of mystery or scandal sat breathlessly waiting further disclosures. This curiosity spread like wild fire. Even mother and her helpers came and stood behind the seats leaving

the banquet preparations with only a few to guard the dainties from the usual ravages of flies and small boys.

"Just now I have seen a gentleman join this assemblage who was intrusted with the delicate mission of getting the men who failed us back into line. His presence here leads me to believe that he has been successful and that this meeting after all will celebrate the beginning of a reality and not an idle dream." The Governor smiled benignantly, then continued, "I want to ask the gentleman of whom I speak to come to the platform. I want to introduce the man who has been the chief factor in our accomplishments. Only his good business judgment, steadfastness, patience and diplomacy have made this thing possible. I want to present to you all and especially to you, Honorable Secretary, the man of the hour."

The Governor waved with authority at the small man who had just sat down at the farthest corner. The small man turned red and stood up uncertainly. Then he walked slowly down the aisle.

Bob, like everybody else, turned to look at the "gentleman who had joined the assemblage." But owing to the huge form of the man in front of him he saw nothing of the important person until he walked up the platform steps looking a little tired and hot, his trousers bagging considerably at the knees and his collar wilting down at the corners. The Governor stepped forward quickly to meet the gentleman. He led to the center of the stage no other person than—father!

Bob felt a queer choking sensation, then he joined in the thunderous applause that came from the audience when they realized that a simple, quiet, man from their very midst had accomplished such important things.

Father's words of acknowledgment were faltering. "Really, the Governor has overestimated my worth—he—he is too kind. All I can say is that matters have been re-arranged this morning. I have ridden all day to bring the message that our plans will be carried out." Clapping and cheers drowned his further utterances so father bowed and turned round for a chair with some confusion.

The Secretary stood up at this moment and before the whole audience shook father's hand. Then while the crowd whistled and cheered he pulled him into a seat next to his. He chatted with him eagerly, occasionally laying his hand on father's shoulder like a long lost brother.

Father's inning had begun.

A Utah War Romance.

Our brave and brilliant Utah girl, Miss Betty McCune, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McCune, has bowed to the inevitable in permitting Cupid to fold hands with Mars across the seas. Her distinguished young husband has been a devoted admirer of Miss Betty since she wore her hair in pig-tail braids and dashed about the sleepy streets of Lima, Peru, in her twelve-year old girlish pinafores; only her mother called them aprons in the good old American tongue. But Betty could not see the solid values of dignity and birth in her gay, glittering early girlhood days. And so the years flew by, alternating seasons for Betty between Peru, New York and occasional visits to her home in Utah. For there came many suitors for her hand, attracted as they were by her absolute truth, sincerity and high-minded integrity. Among these was an Episcopal Bishop's son who was both young and handsome.

Then came the war—who may spell that word aright? And the young Englishman at once left Peru for Europe and enlisted. He rose from rank to rank, his reckless courage resulting in three almost fatal wounds, while he has already been decorated with five crosses for his bravery, being one of the fifty English officials thus heavily decorated in the long course of this awful carnage.

When Miss Betty accepted her country's call to drive her own auto in France for relief trench work last winter, she found, on arriving in Paris, that her old friend Major Trower had learned of her coming and was there to greet her both sadly and gladly. What would you? Life, war, love and such gripping romance as pales all imaginary fiction met in Paris, and soon—the natural and righteous sequence—Miss Betty McCune became Mrs. Rex Trower. Her own pathetic account of the affair just received from over-seas by her sister is both vivid and touching:

"Life is queer, but love is queerer. If anyone had told me six months ago that I would marry Rex I would have had them locked up in an insane asylum. Now I am so frightfully in love with him, I don't know what to do. I am just afraid God will take him away to punish me for the way I have flirted with other men. Pray for me, Jack. My wedding was so sad and lonely. No one there but the witnesses. My wedding dress was my blue serge suit, I got last year in New York—remember it? Rex wasn't allowed to leave Paris so we just went to another hotel. He stayed a week and then had to go back to the front. You can imagine how I felt.



MAJOR AND MRS. REX TROWER.



MAJOR RICHARD G. TROWER IN THE TRENCHES.

"I received a sweet cable from mother last night and one from Ray this morning. It made me so happy. I just cried and cried. It has made me feel so much better.

"Our announcement would have read, Major R. G. Trower, D. S. O.-M. C. of His Majesty's Royal Engineers, which would have meant much here, but would have meant nothing to the people in the states, I guess.

"An officer Rex sent down to take me around introduced me to the Baroness de Rothschild. She has been simply wonderful to me—just loads me with presents, beautiful flowers, beaded bags, candy, lace collars, a pretty diamond and sapphire ring, an old turquoise bracelet and opera seats three or four times a week. To go to see her is like going back for a generation. She is eighty or more, has never been out of her home in twenty years, lives in Balyacs Place, a huge palace in a park right in the heart of Paris. You go in first to a little lodgegate, then they let you pass and the doors of the house open as if by magic, then up a huge staircase past millions of powdered footmen in through fifty big salons with footmen at each door, then you are in her small drawing room (which is about the size of the Hotel Utah). Thousands of footmen fix your chair, footstool and cushions, then she appears. White hair done exactly like Marie Antonette and in stiff, full-flowered silks with pearls and diamonds the size of eggs all over her. And she is the sweetest, most lovable old soul in the world, and so simple. Her husband died just two years after they were married.

"We had a really truly air raid the other night. Killed and wounded such a lot of people and did a great deal more of damage than the papers gave out. I was so thrilled. First they sounded the warning and about fifty or sixty French planes went up. Then the anti-air guns started all around Paris and the Germans started dropping their bombs. They landed them in every part of Paris. One came just a few blocks from us. You can tell them from the guns easily. They make a sound like a huge crash of thunder with a bright red flare. We saw one plane fall. It was such a wonderful sight—all aflame—looked like a huge sky rocket going the wrong way. Don't know if it was a French or German machine. You could hear the Germans quite plainly, their engine makes an entirely different sound from the French. Nerve these devils have—the vile beasts. We saw a French plane where it had fallen, the morning after—just smashed to bits.

"John Groesbeck came in the other evening. He is so thin. Has to work like a Trojan. When I told him I was married he said, "Good for you, Betty."

"My Auto is still on her weary way up from Bordeaux.

Heaven only knows when it will arrive. Maybe I will have better luck now. I am married—need it certainly. If I could only get to work I wouldn't feel so blue."

The thousands of friends of our General Board member, Mrs. Elizabeth C. McCune and the admirers of this handsome, plucky daughter of hers, join in congratulations to the young couple, while we join in earnest prayers for the safety of her young and gallant hero-husband. May they win out in war as they have in love—and finally win out in life itself here and hereafter.

TO MY FOUR LITTLE GIRLS—From Mother

By Mrs. S. M. Woolf.

Four little girls, yet much that means,
Or counted for good or ill;
Four little girls make sunshine gleam
Or life with sadness fill.

Four little girls must do their part,
And though the days be hard,
Smilingly keep up brave hearts,
Asking aid of our dear Lord.

Mother may not always guide:
More need then to be strong,
Trust dear Father, in him confide,
'Twill keep you from going wrong.

Bodies are temples, God's sacred gift,
Beware how you guard them here,
For each abuse the debt you must lift,
And the charges are vitally dear.

If I could only save you from sin,
How gladly life would be given.
O God, keep all four pure within,
That we may all meet in heaven.

These lines were written by Mrs. Harriet Stoddard Woolf, wife of Bishop S. M. Woolf, of Metropolis, Nevada. She was the daughter of Marion L. and Harriet C. Stoddard, and was born at Farmington, Utah, July 13, 1888. After her active girlhood and marriage she contracted tuberculosis, and although everything possible was done for her she died one year ago, leaving four little girls. Just before her death, May 31, 1917, she wrote the foregoing lines.

Home Entertainments.

Morag.

A SPRINGTIME FAIR.

Some of our readers have sent requests for fair suggestions. Announce this fair as:

A SPRING OPENING

And have every booth arranged to represent some of the spring flowers. The violet booth may be decorated with violet and white crepe paper, and bunches of pussy-willows. Here sell knitted and crochet articles, attendants wear gray dresses, and large bouquets of violets. Decorate the fancy-work booth with apple blossoms and costume the workers in pink and green. The tulip booth is the candy stall, and should be decorated in red, white and yellow. The garden booth is decorated in green; here may be found potted plants, seeds baskets, and garden accessories. Attendants wear white, with flower caps and aprons. Miss Columbia's country store should be decorated in the national colors. Here sell home-canned fruits and vegetables, jams and jellies, also demonstrate various "Hooverized" dishes, and distribute recipes, bulletins, etc.

A daffodil bed can be arranged over a large packing case containing the "grabs." A flower is chosen, at the root of which is found the prize.

HAWAIIAN PARTY.

The present popularity of Hawaiian music suggested this party. The invitations are written on small cards encircled with a miniature "lei." Table decorations should consist of a large centerpiece of scarlet and orange paper poppies, with a single flower at each cover. These are later worn by guests. The menu may be Hawaiian fruit cup (pineapple and banana combined with cocoanut); Sandwich Islands (nut-brown bread with stuffed olives); coral reefs and seaweed (creamed ham or tongue served on toast with chopped parsley or watercress); volcanic cones (pyramids of vanilla icecream with chocolate sauce and rice wafers, or pine apple sherbet may be served with cocoanut cookies).

After luncheon is over have a brief description of the islands given or read, with musical selections on the ukelele, or the weird Hawaiian music may be played from records. Conclude with the popular "Aloha, Farewell to Thee."

HOME EVENING.

For the home evening let us take an imaginary journey through the fields and gardens of the Holy Land, and pick a bouquet of the lilies of the field. Let each member of the family search out and read references to almond trees, bullrush, cedar, fig, flax, grass, herbs, lilies, myrtle, olives, palm, rose of Sharon, vine, etc. Descriptive matter may be found in any Bible concordance or dictionary. Chapter twelve of Farrar's *Life of Christ* contains a splendid description of Galilee, where Jesus loved to be. See also Van Dyke's *Out of Doors in the Holy Land*. Sing "Memories of Galilee," "By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill," "I Think when I Read," etc.

CHURCH ORGANIZATION ANNIVERSARIES.

April 6 is the birthday anniversary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and should be fittingly celebrated throughout all Israel, with songs of joy and gladness, special music, and speakers. Many will attend conference, but all should join in thanks and gratitude to our heavenly Father on the return of the anniversary of this important and auspicious event. The city hostess usually finds her home crowded with friends and relatives from out of town during the first two weeks in April. She should prepare for this busy Conference time some days ahead, by doing some extra cooking, and seeing that her larder is well filled, the cookey jar replenished, some salad dressing made, a large pan of gingerbread or fruit cake baked, have a supply of paper napkins to save extra washing. Then, with her bottled fruits and vegetables and other canned stuff, with lettuce and fresh fruits, meals can be quickly prepared and cleared away, and she can be free to accompany her guests to the various gatherings. The visitors from out of town should assist their hostess in every way possible, by rising early, caring for their own rooms, etc., and may even help with the food question, by packing up a hamper with a chicken or two, a pound or more of butter, or a few eggs or other delicacies.

Help each other, hostess and guest, serve simple meals, and both will enjoy the conference better, and will receive the full amount of pleasure and happiness brought about by the occasional visit of congenial friends.

IN APRIL.

Smiles and tears, tears and smiles—
That's April, loveliest month of all the year.
Then nature 'wakens from her deathlike sleep,

The trees burst into leaf, and violets spring
 Around our path. The gently falling showers
 Bring blossoms gay, and open the sweet May flowers,
 While songbirds trill on every bush and tree.
 Again is heard the hum of busy bee.
 Oh, happy springtime! Life is wondrous fair
 In April, loveliest month in all the year.

Tears and smiles, smiles and tears—
 That's life. The Father wills it, all is well.
 Along its way give smiles for bitter tears,
 Change tears to happy smiles of radiant joy.
 As in that garden in the long ago—
 When Mary's anguish deep, and bitter woe
 Were changed to wondrous joy. Her risen Lord
 Appeared and banished sorrow with a word.
 She knelt in worship, Love cast out all fear,
 'Twas April, loveliest month of all the year.

Smiles and tears, tears and smiles,
 Life has its April, after nights of pain
 Come days of gladness, sunshine after rain.
 Man is for joy, yet sorrow's beckoning hand
 Oft points the pathway to the better land.
 When storms are raging, let your heart rejoice,
 After the tempest comes the "still small voice:"
 "In days of trouble, on my help depend,
 For I am with you even to the end."
 Life's mission over, Rest. Then glad release
 And resurrections dawn of endless peace.

LUCY MAY GREEN.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

By Marshall Field.

The wisdom of economy.
 The value of time.
 The success of perseverance,
 The pleasure of working.
 The dignity of simplicity.
 The worth of character.
 The power of kindness.
 The influence of example.
 The obligation of duty.
 The virtue of patience.
 The improvement of talent.
 The joy of originating.

Unusual Mothers.

NELLIE KENNER SNOW.

Of Sanpete Stake.

MOTHER OF EIGHTEEN CHILDREN.

The subject of this sketch, Mrs. Nellie Kenner Snow, is the mother of eighteen children, thirteen of whom are living. She was born in Utah 51 years ago. Her parents were among the early settlers of Sterling, South Sanpete, Utah. In this small village the greater part of Nellie's childhood was spent. She speaks of one incident in her early childhood as being of a very tragical nature. It was on the afternoon of the Fourth of July, when most of the villagers were away from town celebrating Independence Day, when a fire broke out at the home of Mr. D. B. Funk, burning his wife and child to death. Nellie, together with her two older sisters, were the first to appear on the scene.

Mrs. Snow was married at the age of sixteen to Warren C. Snow, on the 31st of October, 1882. On the following day the young couple started for St. George, traveling by team, for the purpose of receiving their endowments in the St. George temple. They remained there for a short time doing ordinance work for the dead. After their return they made Sterling their home until the year 1892, when Sister Snow, together with her husband and seven children, removed to Kingston, Piute county, with the intention of improving their condition financially in procuring some land for farming purposes. They failed, however, in this enterprise, because of their inability to secure a proper water title.



MRS. NELLIE KENNER SNOW.

After struggling for two years under trials and difficulties

which seemed at times very discouraging, they returned to Sterling and purchased a small lot upon which to build a house which might be called their own. In addition to this undertaking they were endeavoring to earn an honest livelihood for the maintenance of a large and growing family, but were frequently curtailed in their progress through sickness and ill-health.

In the year 1910, Sister Snow gave birth to a pair of twins, which event brought the mother near to death's door, but through the mercy of our heavenly Father she recovered and was permitted to live and care for her children. When the twins were ten months old her husband took sick and died, leaving her and her son Eugene to support the family.

With a new determination to better their conditions, the family left Sterling a second time, and went to Elsinore, but meeting with no better success than formerly, came back to Sterling, where they continued to reside until last April, when they left for Garfield where four of the children, who are married, reside.

Sister Snow is a member of the Relief Society and has always maintained a firm belief in the gospel and in its ordinances. Although having to pass through many bitter experiences, she has never lost faith in its principles, but has always felt to rejoice in its blessings.

The issue of this marriage is as follows:

Edgar Warren, b. Jan. 22, 1883; d. 1883.
 Foster Ray, b. July 31, 1884.
 James William, b. March 27, 1886.
 Samuel Eugene, b. Jan. 29, 1888.
 Jane LaPriel, b. Apr. 5, 1889.
 Richard Walter, b. July 9, 1891.
 Maud, b. Nov. 21, 1892.
 Mary Bell, b. Apr. 6, 1894.
 Merveldeen, b. Nov. 16, 1895, d. Sept. 1896.
 Allen, b. June, 24, 1897, d. 1897.
 Francelle, b. July, 20, 1898.
 Byron, b. Oct. 26, 1900.
 Ariel, b. Aug. 20, 1902, d. Feb. 1905.
 Celnicha, b. Aug. 4, 1904.
 Lucile, b. May 11, 1906.
 Charles, b. Aug. 12, 1908, d. Oct. 1908.
 Ellis and Ethel b. Feb. 9, 1910.

EMMA ADELLA WOOD TOLMAN.

Of South Davis Stake.

MOTHER OF SEVENTEEN CHILDREN.

Mrs. Emma Adella Wood Tolman was born in Bountiful, Davis county, Utah, January 31, 1852. She was the daughter of Daniel C. Wood and Laury Ann Giles Wood, and was sealed to Joseph H. Tolman in the Endowment House, in the year 1870, February 27. She is the mother of 17 children, has 59 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

Sister Tolman has been a faithful wife and mother, and an energetic worker in the Relief Society all her life, comforting the sick and helping the needy. As a child she played on the foundation of the Salt Lake temple, and accompanied her mother when she went to meet Saints as they came into the valley with



MRS. MARY A. WOOD TOLMAN AND HER YOUNGEST SON.

the hand carts. She has been a blessing and comfort to all who have known her and is loved by all.

The photograph is of Sister Tolman and her youngest son, and gives a fair idea of her genial countenance, but no lifeless card can indicate the vivacious charm, the winsome dignity of this unusual mother in Israel.

FANNIE JOHNSON CALDWELL.

MOTHER OF SIXTEEN CHILDREN.



MRS. FANNIE JOHNSON CALDWELL.

Mrs. Fannie Johnson Caldwell was married to David H. Caldwell, at Taylorsville, Salt Lake county, in 1855, at the age of fifteen.

She is the mother of sixteen children—nine girls and seven boys. She has ninety-eight grandchildren and seventy-one great-grandchildren.

Sister Caldwell was counselor in the Relief Society in St. John, Tooele county, for ten years. She was also president of the Caldwell Relief Society for ten years.

She was seventy-seven years old on Nov. 24, 1917, and has perfect health.

ANNIE B. HANSEN.

Of Cassia Stake.

MOTHER OF EIGHTEEN CHILDREN.

Mrs. Annie B. Hansen was born in Los Angeles, California, June 29, 1877. She was married to Andrew Hansen, October 29, 1893. She was baptized into the Church August 2, 1895, and is the mother of eighteen children—ten girls and eight boys—fourteen living and four dead. The oldest boy is in the Aviation Corps.

Sister Hansen is a teacher in the Buhl Relief Society, and travels a distance of twenty miles each month to visit her district. She still keeps up with her Relief Society work, besides taking care of her family and doing farm work. What a glorious career is this for any woman! Honors are hers here and hereafter.



MRS. ANNIE B. HANSEN AND FAMILY.

War Economy in Clothes.

Mrs. Lillian H. Cannon.

DARNS AND PATCHES.

My grandmother often said to me when I asked her for new clothes, "My dear, you should take care of what you have." I am sure by the way she shook her head that her New England sense of thrift was shocked when we discarded clothing before it was completely worn out.

Darns and patches, if put in deftly, add many days' wear to clothes.

Darns in Silks and Woollen Materials.

Baste like materials smoothly to the wrong side of the tear or worn out place. Turn to the right side of goods. Do not cut off frayed edges. With ravellings of material darn as in darning stockings, taking small stitches and catching in frayed edges. Let the darn extend some distance beyond the edges of the hole. When the patch is darned on the material, remove bastings, place a damp cloth on the right side of the patch and press with an iron not too hot. Remove the cloth and note the excellence of your handiwork.

Gingham and Percales.

Trim the hole, making a rectangle. Turn its edges toward the back one-half inch and crease. Take a piece of like material containing the exact pattern that has been cut out and one-half inch larger all the way around. Turn its edges one-half inch towards the wrong side on all edges and crease. Overcast the patch to the hole on the wrong side making the pattern match as you sew. Press seams open on the wrong side. One thrifty housewife tacks pieces of her ginghams together and washes them regularly for patches. They fade as the clothes do.

White Cotton Material.

Baste patch to the wrong side of the hole. Turn under edge of hole and overcast to the patch on the right side. Turn under edge of the patch and overcast to the material on the wrong side. Use fine thread, make small stitches and as narrow a fell as the material will permit. Press on the right side. This method may be employed with table linen, but if the linen is heavy the darn is better, using fine thread.

The sewing machine may be used for darning heavy, white material, sewing back and forth, but hand darning is neater. For

sheer material as in waists and dresses employ the darn as suggested for woolen materials, using fine white thread (No. 200) instead of ravellings.

Lace and Net.

Baste like material on the wrong side of the tear. Cut out worn part, avoiding straight edges, zig-zag edges are not so noticeable. With very fine thread whip edges to patch on the right and wrong side. The patch should have zig-zag edges on the back. Press with hot iron. For net curtains, dip piece of net in hot starch, place on back of the hole. Press with a hot iron. The patch will stay until the curtain is washed again.

Stockings.

Darning cotton fades in the washing. Woolen yarn keeps its color. Saxony wool is the best. For darning fine stockings split the yarn; for boys' heavy stockings or socks double it. To add to the wearing properties of the stockings, take them when they are new, place patches of like material to the wrong side of the knees, heels, and toes and catstitch smoothly to position.

Underwear.

Underwear may be darned as stockings are darned, using white darning cotton or yarn. It may be patched with like material, using the felled seam as in white cotton material. The legs of children's underclothing may be cut off and legs made from the good parts of discarded underwear sewed on, using the sewing machine and stretching the knit goods as it is being sewed.

The Bottom of Skirts.

When skirts are frayed at the bottom, unpick hem, turn it one-half inch under and sew to position. Sew new skirt braid to the wrong side of the hem, having it come to the bottom of the skirt. Do this before the bottom of the skirt is badly worn.

Lining of Jackets and Coats.

Patch the lining. If it is beyond patching, remove it, pick it to pieces and use it as a pattern for a new lining. Sew by hand to the coat, using the blind stitch. A good coat or jacket will outwear two linings.

Rubbers.

A tear in a rubber may be mended with surgeon's adhesive plaster. Hold edges of the tear together, stick plaster to the tear on the inside of the rubber. Children's rubbers may be mended by putting a patch of the plaster on the outside of the hole and blacking the patch. Hot water bags may be mended with the plaster.



By Clarissa S. Williams.

Saving the Babies. Not the least important work of the Woman's Committee of the Council of Defense will be the educational efforts to prevent infant mortality. Miss Julia Lathrop, Chief of the Child's Welfare Bureau, in Washington, has issued a call for the Woman's Committee of Defense to make the coming year the Children's Year, and April 6, the day that is so important and precious to the Latter-day Saints, is the day on which this campaign will be inaugurated. Miss Lathrop gives the statistics of the states, the population under five years, and the quota of lives which must be saved, if possible; or in other words, the proportion of children who die annually under that age in each state. In glancing over the statistics we discover that Utah has as low a proportion of deaths among the children as any other state in the Union except Nevada. Utah has 52,698 children under five years of age, with an average of 496 deaths a year among them. Her proportion of children is also relatively greater than any of the other states, which was to be expected from a people who believe sacredly in bringing children into the world, under marriage vows, as the God of Nature intended, without let or hindrance. None the less, we may well make active propaganda of any effort which will save the lives of our beloved children in the State of Utah, and we will.

War Button. And now the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense is going to have a war button, designed especially for this use. There are already Red Cross buttons, Liberty Loan buttons, Food Administration buttons, and a second Liberty Loan button; yet this is the first time that a button designed for women only has been suggested. No doubt, it will prove an incentive to the women, while it will make a charming relic for the descendants of those who have given active service in the country's defense. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw is the founder of the Council and will prepare the button.

Letter to Allies. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw and Mrs. Wilson, the President's wife, have joined in an open letter to the women of the allied countries, expressing sympathy and hearty co-operation in the strain and pressure that are upon the homes of every nation fighting for the defense of honor and liberty.

Defense Council of Utah. Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams has now completed her general committee and appointed a delegate to the National League for service in Chicago. Mrs. Edward Bichssel, first vice president; Mrs. J. William Knight, second vice president; Mrs. R. E. L. Collier, third vice president; Miss Elsa Bamberger, secretary; Mrs. Thomas Kearns, Mrs. Franklin S. Richards, Mrs. E. B. Critchlow, Mrs. W. Worthington, Mrs. F. Eugene Morris, and Mrs. Thomas D. Dee of Ogden.

New members appointed by Mrs. John A. Widtsoe, who is State Chairman of Education, are Mrs. M. K. Parsons, Miss Mary T. Connelly, Mrs. William Moebest, and Mrs. T. W. Naylor.

Mrs. Williams has announced that the majority of the county chairmen have their work so well organized that by using the telephone any new war work can be started in one-half an hour.

The Red Cross in France. What the American Red Cross is doing to help keep up the morale of the French people is briefly but vividly described in a cable, just received from Maj. James H. Perkins, the American Red Cross Commissioner to Europe. The cable contains a review of the progress of the Civilian Relief work in France since the first of the year. It shows how effectively American generosity is being applied to the task of caring for the French refugees and repatries, of rehabilitating maimed and crippled and of ministering to the victims of tuberculosis and other diseases contracted in war.

According to Major Perkins, the American Red Cross has established nine civilian hospitals, with a total capacity of 974 beds, 36 dispensaries and dispensary stations. Fifty-one delegates and assistants are helping to re-establish in French homes the 600 or more repatries who flow into France daily from the occupied areas of France and Belgium.

In six districts which cover the devastated areas, warehouses have been established from which clothing, tools and food are distributed to the returning population. This does not include the American Friends' Unit, which has 140 members, at twelve stations, working under Red Cross direction; or the Smith College Unit, which has seventeen members at Greccourt who are now a part of the Red Cross.

Thirty-one new centers of direct work were established in January, and the staff was increased by 86 persons. Two new hospitals and eight new dispensaries were opened; 21 repatriate delegates were sent; one new district was added to the devastated area; and a farm of 500 acres near Tours was obtained for agricultural re-education of cripples. Medical examination was given to 17,827 civilians, chiefly children, including the 11,402 repatriate children examined at Evain. Medical care in hospitals was given to 978. Hospital relief was given weekly to 800 tuberculosis

patients in Paris. Instruments, food, clothing and books valued at 202,517 francs were distributed to fifty-four hospitals outside of Paris. One hundred and seventy-five families were re-housed in Paris.

Articles distributed to refugees and shipped to devastated areas include 43,978 articles of clothing, 11,902 pairs of shoes, 748 articles of furniture, 7,700 pounds of foodstuffs, 43,994 articles of bedding, 26,406 yards of cloth, 8,448 articles unclassifiable.

SURNAME BOOK.

It is hoped that the *Surname Book* will be ready at Conference time or shortly thereafter. The book will contain many maps, tables, and illustrative pedigrees, with much new matter. The index will include most of the surnames in the Church, the majority of these with definitions of their meanings and origin. The edition is necessarily small, but enough will be printed to allow each ward one book, yet not more than two to a ward. Price, \$2.00. Stake presidents will do well to bring orders to conference with them, as it will be first come, first served.

APRIL RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE

The annual Conference of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held Wednesday and Thursday, April 3rd and 4th, 1918.

On Wednesday, April 3rd, two officers' meetings will be held, at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., in the Auditorium, fourth floor Bishop's building. The officers' meetings will be limited to stake officers, stake board members and stake representatives.

On Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock an important meeting will be held in the Auditorium of the Bishop's building under the direction of the Home Economics Department.

On Thursday, April 4th, two general sessions will be held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. All officers and Relief Society members are invited to be in attendance.

EMMELINE B. WELLS,
CLARISSA S. WILLIAMS,
JULINA L. SMITH,

Presidency.

Current Topics.

By James H. Anderson.

AN EARTHQUAKE in northern Japan in February took a toll of over 3,000 lives.

FLOODS did great damage to life and property in China during February.

FIFTY-TWO BABES lost their lives in a fire at a children's home at Grey's nunnery, Montreal, Canada, in February.

THE PASSENGER SHIP *Florizel* was wrecked in a storm off Cape Race, N. S., in February, with a loss of ninety-two lives.

BRITISH AIR RAIDS, in reprisal for German air raids over England, caused much damage in Germany during February.

MEXICO has confiscated the holdings of the "Mormon" colonists in Chihuahua; and the Mexican troubles are not ended yet.

CALVIN SMITH, son of President Joseph F. Smith, is now a U. S. army chaplain with the troops at American Lake, Washington.

A BRANCH RAILWAY, from Lynnhyl, through Fillmore and Meadow, to Kanosh, Utah, is promised to be under construction by May first.

AVIATOR MAIL service between New York and Philadelphia was agreed on by the government postoffice department, to commence in March.

RUSSIAN soldiers' and workmen's delegates acceded to the German peace terms, but Russia's disintegration as a world-power goes steadily on.

THE AMERICAN EMBASSY found it necessary to remove from Petrograd the last of February, owing to the German advance toward the Russian capital.

DISTILLATION OF OIL from shale is being developed extensively in Utah, and those engaged in the work predict that it will be an economic success.

THREE BOMBS were found during February, in the German prisoners' quarters at Fort Douglas, Salt Lake City, evidently to be used in an attempt to escape.

PNEUMONIC PLAGUE, one of the most dangerous and difficult of known diseases to cope with, has broken out in northern China, and claims hosts of victims.

ONE DELIVERY a day has been adopted as a rule by the big merchants in Salt Lake City and Ogden. This will mean a considerable saving to the merchants.

PEACE TALK is still freely indulged in by many American newspapers. Yet there can be no real peace until the menace of German militarism actually is removed.

AMERICAN TROOPS in France were heavily "gassed" in a German attack on February 27, resulting in several deaths, and much suffering by fifty or sixty soldiers.

RUSSIA, as a new kingdom under Alexandra, the mother of the late czar, is said to be the German aim for that country. This would give great assistance to the Teutonic powers.

SEVEN INDIANS were arrested in Tooele county, in February, for opposing the draft registration among their people. The U. S. marshal had a company of troops from Fort Douglas to effect the arrest.

A NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN is scheduled for April, and the Red Cross will want another billion dollars in May; so there will be plenty of retrenchment necessary in order to raise needed funds for the war.

WASTE OF MONEY in government shipbuilding affairs in the United States has been uncovered to a very great extent by congressional investigation. The results show that the inquiry was not started too early.

FOUR AMERICAN SENTRIES on the battle line in France fell asleep at their posts during February, and were sentenced to death. Their cases have been referred to the war department at Washington for final disposal.

THE BROWNING RIFLE—invention of J. M. Browning of Ogden, Utah—was tested thoroughly at trial grounds near Wash-

ington, D. C., on February 27, and is declared by military men to be "the finest weapon in the world."

JAPAN now finds it necessary to enter Siberia to prevent great military supplies, furnished by America and her allies, falling into the German hands. Thus the Jap has his opportunity for a long-desired continental empire in Asia.

FRANCE, Great Britain and Germany are all short of food, but the Germans have secured a new supply from Russia. The neutral nations of Europe seem to be little, if any, better off for food than are the nations that are at war.

AT JERUSALEM, one of the fatalities during the British attack was that of Aleck Cushion, of Suffolk, England, a young "Mormon" in the British army, who was killed by Turkish fire while his regiment was storming a Turkish position.

JERICO, in Palestine, was taken by British forces on February 25. The Australian troops are said to have been the first to reach and cross the Jordan. The British now have a firm line across Palestine from the Dead Sea to the Mediterranean.

PRESIDENT WILSON had to interfere, and put an end to the ship carpenter's strike on the Atlantic seaboard, in February, as it threatened the government shipbuilding operations. Common ship carpenters demand from \$7.00 to \$9.00 a day for eight hours work.

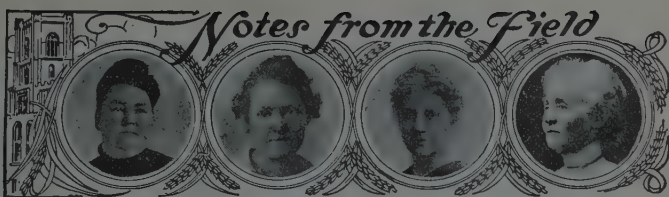
WHEAT prices for 1918 have been fixed by President Wilson at \$2.20 per bushel in Chicago. Yet farmers must pay from \$4.00 to \$7.00 a day for common farm labor. Looks like the war prices hit the farmers worse than any other class of individuals.

GOSPEL preaching to the nations generally, by "Mormon" missionaries, has come nearly to a standstill for the time being, through the great war; but among American and British troops there is a great number of young "Mormons" who also are valiant soldiers of the Cross.

FLOUR used by bakeries for bread is required by the U. S. food administration to be mixed with 20 per cent of wheat substitutes. It is a serious question with dietists whether such a mixture in the same loaf is not injurious to health, especially for growing children.



PRESIDENT EMMELINE B. WELLS LIGHTING THE NINETY CANDLES
ON HER BIRTHDAY CAKE.



By Amy Brown Lyman, General Secretary.

President Emmeline B. Wells Reaches Her Ninetieth Birthday.

On February 28, 1918, President Emmeline B. Wells was ninety years old. Born in 1828, Mrs. Wells has been a witness of the greatest century since time began. In spite of her many years, Mrs. Wells was on this day well in body, bright in mind, and received her loved ones in her happiest mood.

At 12:30 o'clock a luncheon was served in honor of President Wells in the President's suite in the Hotel Utah, by the individual members of the General Board. Mrs. Wells' two daughters, Mrs. Isabel Sears and Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, and her two old friends, Mrs. Susan Wells and Mrs. Susan Smith, were special guests of the occasion. Mrs. Williams acted as toast-mistress and ninety events in the life of Mrs. Wells were reviewed by the Board members. For each event a lighted candle was placed upon the birthday cake. The rooms were filled with flowers, gifts from numerous friends.

A musical was held in the early afternoon hours and was followed by a reception from 4 to 7 p. m., when hundreds of friends called to pay their respects to this much beloved woman.

In addition to the many floral gifts, telegrams and letters from all over the country were recieved by Mrs. Wells. Among them were messages of greeting from President Joseph F. Smith, and Bishop C. W. Nibley (who were both in California), Senator Reed Smoot, Colonel Richard W. Young and Major and Mrs. Woods.

A moving picture was taken on the occasion, which will be very interesting to Relief Society workers and all admirers of President Emmeline B. Wells.

Social Work.

The Social Advisory Committee of the Church, which is composed of representatives from each of the six General Boards, and which is under the chairmanship of Elder Stephen L. Richards, is compiling the data received from the various stakes in answer to questionnaires on social work sent out some time ago by each of the General Boards, under the direction of the Committee. The data received from each stake, through the six auxiliary organizations of the stake, gives the Committee a very good idea of the

exact conditions existing. Some stake organizations have not been heard from. It is to be regretted that Stake Relief Societies have not all reported.

War Cook Book.

A neat, little cook book was recently published by the Red Cross Relief Society Auxiliary of Provo, Utah. The idea of arranging a War Time Cook Book originated with Mrs. Jennie Knight Mangum, a member of the Home Economics Committee of the Utah Stake Relief Society, for the purpose of raising funds for the Provo Chapter of the Red Cross. In arranging the cook book, the committee was assisted very materially by the Government Demonstrating Agent, Miss Josephine Burton, who is largely responsible for the contents of the book. In getting out this book, the idea was to use recipes which would be in accordance with the Government ideas on Food Conservation. Many substitutes are being recommended today, for certain foods. In working these out it is often found that the substitutes are more expensive than the food itself. Therefore, the Committee used only recipes which were economical, which had been thoroughly tested, and which conformed to the regulations of the United States Food Commission.

Advertisements were solicited from business men, which practically covered the expense of publishing the book. The books were sold for 25c each, and the Committee cleared \$700. There are now 2,000 of these books in circulation in Provo and vicinity. With the amount raised by the sale of these books and collected on Tag Day, when menus were sold for tags, the Home Economics Committee raised over \$1,000. With this money bed linen was purchased for the Provo Chapter of the Red Cross, the Committee itself assisting in arranging and packing the boxes.

The War Cook Book has been highly recommended by Mr. Herbert Hoover, United States Food Administrator, Mr. John W. Morey, Manager Mountain Division of the Red Cross, and by Mr. W. W. Armstrong, Federal Food Administrator of Utah.

It is expected that a second addition of this book will soon be published, and we cordially recommend it to all our R. S. members. Address: Pres. Inez Knight Allen, Provo, Utah.

REORGANIZATIONS.

Utah Stake.

The Utah Stake Relief Society was reorganized on the first of February, 1918. President Martha A. F. Keeler was honorably released from the position of Stake President on account of the work being too strenuous for her present physical strength.

The new stake officers are: president, Mrs. Inez Knight

Allen, counselors, Mrs. Annie D. Palmer and Mrs. Ina Gee Hodson. Mrs. Allen has, for a number of years, been first counselor to Mrs. Keeler, where she has received valuable experience and training. Her deeply religious nature, with her education and broad experience as a traveler, both at home and abroad, have particularly fitted her for the new position to which she has been called. Mrs. Palmer is also a woman with a trained mind and wide experience and has had as well special training as a social worker. Her faith and intelligence will make her a valuable counselor to Mrs. Allen. Mrs. Ina Gee Hodson, who is a grand niece of the Prophet Joseph Smith and who possess vigor and activity, will fit admirably into her new position.

St. Joseph Stake.

The Relief Society of the St. Joseph Stake was reorganized early in January. Mrs. Sarah B. Moody, who had been president for less than a year and who had made an enviable record during that time, found it necessary to resign from her position because of change of residence. Mrs. Moody's husband was appointed Superintendent of the Industrial School of Arizona, at Ft. Grant, Arizona, and Mrs. Moody was made Supervisory Matron to the Girls' Department.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Moody feel that the State of Arizona is to be congratulated on having, at the head of this school, a man and woman so capable as Mr. and Mrs. Moody. The best wishes of the General Board go to Mrs. Moody in her new calling, and it is to be hoped that some time in the future she will be able to again take up active work among the officers of the Relief Society.

The new officers chosen for the St. Joseph Stake Relief Society are: president, Mrs. Josephine C. Kimball; counselors, Mrs. Inez H. Lee and Mrs. Adelia Tyler; secretary, Mrs. Hattie A. Tenney; treasurer, Mrs. Emma R. Haywood. Mrs. Kimball has had a broad experience in Relief Society work. She was formerly stake secretary of the Relief Society and was, at the time of her appointment as president, first counselor to Mrs. Moody. She is capable and efficient, and will undoubtedly carry forward the work of her Stake with credit, both to the organization and to herself.



Janette A. Hyde.

Last season we were blessed with an over-abundance of fruit. Thousands of quarts of small fruits spoiled on bushes and trees for the want of organized help—both for picking and caring for the same. Tons of apples suffered the same fate, and for the same reason, and we watched the waste with helpless hands and sorrowful regrets at our utter incapacity to cope with the situation.

A definite form of organization in community service centers suggests itself very properly at this time in order that we may be better prepared for the coming season's work. It is too late to organize when the fruit crop is ripened and ready for distribution, as the time spent in securing help is lost while such time could be spent in the gathering and caring of the fruit at the season when nature calls to us for assistance.

Let us consider for a minute; a community center could be made out of Relief Society hall where from ten to fifteen small children could be supervised by one competent woman, thus releasing the mothers and older children in the home, for active service in the gardens where so much depends upon expert hands and quick action during the time of the rush season. Women and girls could be organized into help groups, automobiles and vehicles could be furnished by patriotic citizens to transport the pickers to and from the orchards, providing organizations had been previously called together and selected for these purposes before the time for action was necessary. We suggest such an organization to our Home Science departments.

In many instances during the past season, we found, after fruitless efforts to secure help, that much assistance would have been rendered by people who would have been glad to help had they known of the community's need, and just how to get at it.

The State committee were offered one orchard of peaches, another of cherries, one of gooseberries and currants; yet in all, possibly 200 quarts of small fruit and ten or fifteen bushels of the large fruit was all that we were able to pick and care for. Cannot something be done this coming season to prevent the recurrence of last year's fruit waste?

Many women complained of the fruit jar situation, claiming that the merchants could not procure enough fruit jars and

lids; then, too, we had the sugar famine to face. In some places there were plenty of ajrs and sugar but there was no fruit, and in others insufficient help for putting up the fruits they had on hand.

Last season we suggested the use of the pressure cooker, as it both expedites and makes secure the bottling of fruit and vegetables, and we hope that our sisters this coming season will give the pressure cooker which was placed upon the market last year a fair trial. It requires much less heat and time than the old-fashioned open kettle method. While the fruit is being packed into the jars, boiling water can be put into the pressure cooker, and made ready to receive the fruit, the whole sealed and cooked in ten or fifteen minutes without further waste or trouble. The fruit put up in the pressure cooker retains its flavor and color, and is much less liable to fermentation than fruit put up in the old-fashioned way.

We add pressure cooker recipes which have been thoroughly tested and found practicable. The pressure cooker may be used to great advantage in the kitchen for every day service. It is a coal and heat saver as well as rendering tough and cheaper cuts of meat very palatable and tender in an incredibly short time.

MEAT IN PRESSURE COOKER.

Place fresh meat, beef, mutton, chicken or fish in inner kettle, season well with salt and pepper, and add a teacupful of boiling water and let it come to a boil on the stove. Put boiling kettle inside of pressure cooker, to the depth of about two inches. Cover with lid, screw on top,, and steam for one hour. It renders the toughest meat absolutely tender and palatable. A whole meat and vegetable dinner may be cooked in the pressure cooker at the same time, by placing the various articles in quart jars. Put in your meat first, and cook for one-half hour. Open the pressure cooker, insert a two quart jar of cabbage, another containing potatoes, still another with carrots, beets or any other vegetable. Season, screw on the lids, fasten up the pressure cooker, and steam for fifteen minutes. You will find all done and ready to serve at the same time.

PUDDING IN COOKER.

Custard puddings, steamed rice, steamed prunes, dried apples and peaches, are very delicious when cooked in the pressure cooker.

At Relief Society banquets or entertainments, the meat or chicken could be placed in the pressure cooker, served smoking hot, and with very little trouble.

Any foods ordinarily steamed are more delicious when prepared in the pressure cooker than in any other way.

Filling the Canner: Place about two inches of water in the canner, and have it nearly to boiling point; the water should not come above the crate holding the jars. The jars will be warm, since boiling water is used to fill them. Clamp the canner firmly and place over heat. Steam should generate at the rate of five minutes to five pounds pressure. If for any reason the stove is not in good condition and there is delay in getting up pressure, reduce the time of processing. If the water was boiling, cooking begins as soon as the cooker is clamped down.

To Prevent Escape of Water and Juices: Screw cover of bottles almost tight, allowing about an inch to turn after bottles are removed from canner. Keep the pressure constant. When it raises and lowers, a vacuum is created, causing the liquid to condense and escape as steam. When the processing is finished, remove cooker from heat, and allow pointer to drop to zero without opening the stop cock or touching the weight.

Jelly Making: Apple jelly made under steam pressure as compared with open kettle method.

First Test. Steam Pressure: One gallon red Astrachan apples, two quarts of water, brought to boiling point, canner closed, pressure raised to ten pounds, lowered at once. 10 2-3 cups of juice, 10½ glasses of jelly.

Second Test. Steam Pressure: Same method and amounts of material used. Final result, 12 glasses of jelly.

Open Kettle Methods: Same amount of material used, cooked to pieces. Kettle fitted tightly; 7 cups of juice, 7 cups of jelly.

Do not put the canner away after the season for vegetables and fruits is over, but use it in the bottling of meats, and the making and bottling of soup stocks. When there is some public function, at which food in quantity is to be served, use the canner. The food may be placed in a dish and set in the crate, or, if a covered receptacle is used, the crate may be removed and the pan set in the water. Do not use more than two inches of water, and have it boiling hot.

EXCHANGE BUREAU.

The Home Economics Department has tried out the Mexican Pinto bean, which was raised so abundantly in the state during the past season, and find the bean equal in flavor and nutritive value to any other bean on the market. We hope the sisters will put aside their prejudice, and give the Pinto bean a fair trial.

Brother Francis Kirkham, of Lehi, Utah, has several hundred pounds of Pinto beans which he would like to dispose of; also Brother Frank Welling, of Garland, Utah. Those desiring to purchase the Mexican Pinto bean would do well to consult these brethren.

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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DEMOCRACY MUST BE MADE SAFE FOR THE WORLD.

The World and De- mocracy.

Much attention has been given to the well-turned phrase "The world must be made safe for democracy." Yet the counter phrase carries with it a deeper meaning, a more far-reaching suggestion: "Democracy must be made safe for the world." Men airily assume that a world can be redeemed through the operation of a republican form of government. They speculate learnedly on the effect of this form of democracy, that mode of socialism. When I read their groping attempts to solve the riddle of the universe with a political panacea, I am reminded of a tiny niece of mine who loved to sit on her grandfather's knee in the soft summer twilight. "Don't you hear the frogs talk, Lucy?" asked her anxious grandmother. "They're saying, 'Go to bed, Lucy, go to bed, go to bed.'" "Let them talk," calmly responded the three-year-old.

The World and Love.

Christian Scientists, New Thought people, and divers sincere yet mistaken essayists and preachers tell us that "Love, just love" will bring about the world's reformation and redemption. Others build great schools, endow research col-

leges; while the cry of "save the babies" echoes through the land. Love, democracy, education of the masses, slum-settlements, control of the will, "war and kultur," all these various schemes are put forth, cried aloud in the market-place and finally fought for and died for. Will it all, or any of it, avail? It has not availed—any nor all of these ideals,—so far in the world's history, although tried honestly, and sincerely. What then?

**The Only
Safe Gov-
ernment.**

Make democracy safe for the world by preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ, and teaching men to obey its laws and precepts. All forms of government not founded and carried forward through the inspiration of

God will crumble and perish. They have, they will. Love will do much, most of all to redeem the world—but love is a law and its functions and expressions must be governed by law, or it sinks to the level of blind instinct or unreasoning passion. Education? Civilization? When have either preserved a nation or a people who associated these great forces with internal corruption and shameless vice? Answer, historian.

**Straight is
the Gate
and Narrow
the Way.**

Then would you say that only a handful of people away off in the Rocky Mountains, hated and feared as they are by the rest of the world—are these "Mormons," then, the only people who possess the key of the world riddle? Can only they make democ-

racy safe for the world? Oh, narrow, bigoted assumption, you may reply. Yet, not I, but Christ it was who said "Straight is the gate and narrow the way;" and further, "few there be that find it." The way is open to all, the key hangs invitingly out of Father's welcoming door. No man will make this world safe for democracy, nor democracy safe for this world. That is the task, the burden laid upon Christ's shoulders. And he holds the key—the key of the priesthood after His own order, to administer in the ordinances of His House. Come, buy and partake! Get oil in your lamps! Have you lamps? They are free to all who stretch forth the hand and who are willing to pay the price. Ah, the price!

CORRECTION.

The poem in the January number accredited to Annie D. Palmer was written by Mrs. Euphrasia Cox Day. Will our contributors kindly sign every contribution sent in and address all such letters to the Editor?

Guide Lessons.

LESSON I.

Theology and Testimony.

FIRST WEEK IN MAY.

BOOK OF MORMON LESSON.

A LAND OF PROMISE.

"And the Lord would not suffer that they should stop beyond the sea in the wilderness, but he would that they should come forth even unto the land of promise, which was choice above all other lands, which the Lord God had preserved for a righteous people" (Ether 2:7).

"And inasmuch as ye shall keep my commandments, ye shall prosper, and shall be led to a land of promise; yea, even a land which I have prepared for you; yea, a land which is choice above all other lands" (1 Nephi 2:20).

From the very beginning, no doubt, God designed that this land should be a land of promise to those who dwell thereon. It could only fail when peoples came under condemnation, as did the Lamanites.

From the midst of turmoil and unrighteousness, such as characterized the building and the builders of the Tower of Babel, Jared and his brother came forth. From a heaven-condemned city, Lehi and his company found safety beyond the sea; for this land not only saved them from impending woes, left behind, but it yielded of its riches, and of a truth became a land of promise unto them.

Students of the Book of Mormon have marveled that in so short a time, with so small a beginning, peoples should have grown to be so mighty and so prosperous. The native richness of this land, once Earth's Eden, no doubt, had much to do with that result.

Again we learn from the Book of Mormon that in due course of time, multitudes of the Gentiles should come to this land, unto whom it should be a land of promise.

America has from the first symbolized gold; the tons of gold used to embellish the ceiling of one of the churches of Rome is eloquent testimony of the fact that the Spaniards found gold here. After the coming of the men who sought for treasure, came those

who sought religious and political freedom. Both found in time the thing they were in quest of; so that, from the beginning America has given those things that do support both the body and the spirit.

Before the discovery of America by Columbus very little was known of the new world. To be sure, the ancients possessed some maps that go to show that they knew of the existence of America, but the middle ages appear to have lost this knowledge. Let us turn for a few moments to some of the passages in the Book of Mormon that relate to the Gentiles and this land.

"And it came to pass that I beheld many multitudes of the Gentiles upon the land of promise; and I beheld the wrath of God, that it was upon the seed of my brethren: and they were scattered before the Gentiles and were smitten" (I Nephi 13:14).

"Behold, this land, saith God, shall be a land of thine inheritance, and the Gentiles shall be blessed upon the land" (II Nephi 10:10).

In considering this land as it affects the Gentiles, we have a flood-tide of material at close range. "And all people shall flow unto it," saith the Hebrew prophet of holy writ.

Witness the fulfilment of these words; for to think of New York, Chicago, and others of our large cities is to think of the Jews, the Italians, the Austrians, the Armenians, and other peoples of southern Europe and Asia. To think of Massachusetts, perhaps, makes us think of the British; surely New York and Pennsylvania, of the Dutch; Wisconsin and Minnesota, of the German and the Scandinavian; North Dakota, of the Russian and Icelandic people; Louisiana, of the French, and California, of the Spanish, Japanese and Chinese. Truly, the noted Jewish playwright and novelist, Israel Zangwill, speaks with knowledge when he calls America the "Melting Pot" of all nations. And this thing, apparent in the nation, is duplicated in every state—Utah being a marvelous example.

It would be difficult to conceive of a more perfect tribute to this land of ours than that found in Mary Antin's *Promised Land*. In the preface to this truly wonderful book, its gifted author tells us that she would hardly have written the book did she not know that she is the mouthpiece of an entire group, the Russian Jew. In the light of God's word is not the title of her book *The Promised Land* truly significant?

Not less remarkable perhaps are the tributes of Dr. Ed. A. Steiner, whose book, *The Trail of the Immigrant*, makes him an undoubted authority on the immigrant question. Very fittingly might he call his lecture of this season, "The Promised Land."

Dr. Steiner was born in the Carpathian mountains. Budapest, the capital of the Hungarian kingdom, was the nearest

large city to the little village of his birth. One day he watched a soldier who had lost one leg alight from the buss that brought all new comers to the town. This man was born in the same little town, but had gone to America years before. He had lost his leg in the Civil war, and had come back home to spend the remainder of his life, supported as he was by a pension from "Uncle Sam." "None of his relatives were alive, so he came to our home," said Dr. Steiner. At the head of his bed was a small portrait of Abraham Lincoln, about whom he liked to talk, and as often as the village people chanced his way, he told them of the great American father, with the kindly face who desired freedom for all men.

As if to mock Maximilian, who was the tool of Napoleon III of France, and Francis Joseph, his brother, late Emperor of Austria, who was the tool of the German Kaiser, to the end of threatening free government in America, in the very heart of the city of Budapest stands a life-sized statue of George Washington, a symbol of life, freedom and hope to the people who daily pass and gaze up at it—"A hand and face that truly beckons to a promised land," said Dr. Steiner. Then he added, that in the various cities of Europe are six such statues of the father of this country, each one telling of this better land, where life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are among the blessings the government seeks to extend to those who dwell under the folds of the Stars and Stripes.

At the present time, all eyes are turned to America. "America is the hope of the world," said Francis Nielson, long time member of the British Parliament, in a recent address.

As in the beginning the old world stretches out her hands to the new for material and spiritual help; for just as earnestly and as helplessly as the warring nations have turned to America for food, just so earnestly and helplessly will they turn to her for a knowledge of that better, freer life vouchsafed by a republican form of government.

Then, when the guns shall cease to roar, and the statesmen shall sit at the council board of peace, America, they say, shall be most potent for the future destiny of men. In many ways, some seen and others yet unseen, America will be an ensign to the nations for larger and better things. Surely the word of God fails not—this is the promised land.

The Spaniard coming to America was in quest of gold; the Puritan landing on Plymouth Rock and the Huguenot in South Carolina, sought first religious liberty, and afterwards political freedom. The Latter-day Saint convert, turning towards this goodly land, receives in a majority of instances all these gifts in one. If it is a land of promise to him who can partake of one or

two great gifts, how much more is it a land of promise to him who, embracing the gospel of Jesus Christ, knows that there and there alone is the permanent way to salvation—material, political and spiritual.

May the day hasten when the big world that looks to us now for food, and for the making of a world safe for democracy, shall also realize that in this land, choice above all other lands, God's Church is established, led by those having the holy priesthood, which power shall again redeem the earth and make it an Eden as at first.

QUESTIONS.

1. To what three groups of people has the Lord called the Western world, the land of promise?
2. How does the history of the Jaredites prove that it was a land of promise to the Nephites?
3. How was it a land of promise first to the Spaniards, secondly to the Puritans?
4. How has it been a land of promise to all peoples of the earth since the signing of the Declaration of Independence?
5. How is it a land of promise to the Russian Jew, of whom Mary Antin is spokesman?
6. How, a promised land to Dr. Edward Steiner and the group of village boys who saw the portrait of Abraham Lincoln and heard the story of his life?
7. How is it a land of promise to the warring nations of Europe today?
8. Show from anything that you may know, or may have read, that the old world depends upon the new for suggestions for larger liberty and national stability after the war?
9. To what people has America filled the largest and fullest hopes of the soul? Why?
10. Show that the gospel of Jesus Christ can provide all those other things for which America has been sought, and in addition the possibilities of eternal life to all who will follow its divine precepts.

LESSON II.

Work and Business.

SECOND WEEK IN MAY.

LESSON III.

Genealogy.

THIRD WEEK IN MAY.

WHERE THE RACES SETTLED IN EUROPE.

Roman Empire. The powerful armies of Rome, united with their superior civilization, first conquered and afterwards controlled Europe from the beginning of the Christian Era to 400 A. D. Then the Teutons—Goths, Vandals, Burgundians and Lombards invaded both Roman and Celtic territory. In 410, Alaric, a Gothic king sacked Rome. Shortly after the Goths passed over into Gaul (France) and Spain. In 451, Attila, king of the Huns, was beaten by the combined Franks, Goths and Romans. This battle decided Europe's continued Christianity, and made her independent of Asiatic Huns and African hordes.

Gaul or France. Gaul was settled up by the Franks, a Teutonic tribe, but not until 450 A. D. was it a distinct nation. Clovis ruled Gaul (France) and Spain. Then came the Lombards (Teutons) up from Italy, and wars ensued with Roman armies as well as barbarian Teutons of other tribes. Finally, in 800, Charles the Great, or Charlemagne, appeared upon the scene, and he gradually conquered all of central Europe. His kingdom therefore embraced all Germany, France, with a large part of Italy and Spain. He blended Roman and Teutonic principles, choosing the best of both. He was a great and wise ruler, king and emperor. After his death, the empire was sadly broken up, forming West and East Frankish realms, or France and Germany as we now know them. The history of European state systems here began.

Spain. Mohammedanism became a rising southern European power, beginning in 622 A. D., when occurred the Hegira or flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina. The Arabs overran Asia Minor, conquered Egypt and the whole of northern Africa and parts of Europe. The invasion of the Arabs or Saracens over the southern part of Europe, especially Spain, continued for seven hundred years with intermittent success. In 732 A. D. they were conquered by Charles Martel and driven out of Gaul. They remained in Spain, however, till the siege of Grenada, in

1494, when they were driven out by Ferdinand and Isabella. These monarchs were the patrons of Christopher Columbus.

Turkey. In the East, the Arabs were conquered and were confined by the tenth century to Turkey in Europe. In the eleventh century, their power was overthrown by the Tartars or Turks. In 1072 the great Turkish conquerer Alp Arslan died, and his four sons quarreled and split up his kingdom into what is now known as Persia, Syria, Rouen, all Asia Minor. The Turks had gained possession of Jerusalem which the Arabs had conquered in 627 under Omar; the Turks have remained its rulers intermittently till today, when English arms have practically conquered Palestine.

Germany. The Teutonic tribes of Germany, rude barbaric peoples, fought with neighboring tribes all over central Europe for centuries previous to the reign of the great monarch Charlemagne. Christianity became popular and modified tribal prejudices while Charlemagne's wise educational policy united the Saxons and Germans as one people. After his death, feudalism sprang up all over Europe and petty dukedoms arose everywhere. Wars multiplied between France and Germany, and kings ruled wisely or foolishly. Like France, Germany was a kingdom, but its king was also king of Italy. During the reign of Otto, in 966, the Germans began to feel the necessity for a national life. Their emperors spent more time in Rome than in Germany, and after a long succession of kings, Henry IV, in 1106, was compelled to abdicate. The crusaders followed. Then came Frederick the Great, 1155, and his prowess established Germany as an independent kingdom.

Scandinavia. The history of the three northern kingdoms. Sweden, Norway and Denmark, is hidden in the mists of tradition and sagas. Denmark was named for Dan Mykillati or "Dan the Famous." The date of his reign is unknown. A long line of kings followed to Stoerkodder, the Norse Hercules, believed to have reigned about 600. Towards the end of the ninth century, the many petty rulers of the island were united under Gorm the Old who reigned between A. D. 860 and 936. By this time the Norsemen had become a terror to all the coasts of Europe. Gorm himself was a fierce old pirate, once descending upon Aix-la-Chapelle where he plundered Charlemagne's tomb. Gorm's son Harold accepted Christianity and died in battle in 985. Sweyn, Harold's son, invaded England in 994 and conquered a large part of that kingdom. He died in 1014. Sweyn's sons, Harold and Canute, divided the kingdom, Harold reigning in Denmark and Canute going over to England where he became one of the most famous of English kings.

Norway. The primitive inhabitants of Norway were Finns who were fishermen. The Northmen who were, as we have seen, a Teutonic tribe of Gothic origin, drove out the Finns and settled Norway. The authentic history of Norway begins with Harold the Fair-haired who is supposed to have reigned about A. D. 863-933. He subdued all the petty Norse chiefs about him and made one nation. Hakon the Good, son of Harold, was Norway's greatest king. He is one of the great heroes of Norwegian romance. He destroyed the pagan temples and founded the town of Trondhjem. In a battle with the Danes, in 1000 A. D., he was defeated and, though himself overpowered, in full armor escaped capture. The neighboring tribes in Denmark and Sweden, for years after, oppressed Norway, and in the reign of Canute the Great of Denmark, Norway was annexed to Denmark. The subsequent history is a history of wars with surrounding kingdoms, with Norway as a principality of Sweden. It is not until very recent times—1814—that Norway was acknowledged as a separate and independent state under the Swedish king and his heirs. Since that time the kings of Sweden and Norway, have maintained two separate governments. In 1905 Norway was established a separate kingdom.

Sweden. Like Norway, Sweden was inhabited by Lapps and Finns. The Teutonic Goths drove them out at some uncertain but remote period. According to the old Swedish Sagas, Odin, at the head of the Swedes (also of Teutonic origin), invaded Iceland and seized the southern part from the possession of the Goths. Going further north they drove out the Lapps and Finns, and settled the region now known as Svealand. Odin's successor was Njord, whose son Frev Yngve founded the royal Swedish line which continued until the eighth century. In 993 Olaf, a Lapp king, came to the throne and from his time we have authentic Swedish history. Christianity had been introduced into Sweden in 829 and Olaf embraced the new faith. Olaf died in 1024. Wars followed between the Goths and the Swedes, and the various kings ruled well or ill according to their times and dispositions.

Russia. The early history of Russia is very uncertain. Greek and Roman writers say it was inhabited by Scythians and Sarmatians, who are said to be the ancestors of the Slavs. During the fourth and fifth centuries hordes of Goths, Alans and Huns swept over the country, leaving no permanent settlements. At last the Slavs gained complete possession. They intermarried with the Finnish tribes, dwelling along the upper Volga. In the sixth century Novgorod was famous as the capital of a great and powerful principality. A war with the Varangians, a race of

Scandinavian warriors, rendered Novgorod once more tributary to the Teutons. Back and forth swung the balance of power until 864 A. D., when Rurik who was a Varangian (Scandinavian) prince really founded the Russian empire, dying in Novgorod in 879. Olaf accepted Christianity. He subdued the Khazars, a people of Turanian descent. He also drove out the Magyars.

Much history was made in Russia until 1221, when the Tartar hordes burst into Russia. For some time they controlled the Russian empire, but not until Ivan the Third, in 1462, did Russia rise above the Turkish control. It is very probable that there is a strong infusion of Teutonic blood in Russia. The Slavs and Teutons are not at all of the same temperament, and tribal differences betray themselves even to this day in this great country.

This, then, gives a brief picture of the large sections of country in Europe (with the exception of Great Britain), which obtained between the sixth and eleventh centuries. It will be seen, therefore, that the races of Europe were settling into rather definite divisions preparatory to the introduction of the Reformation which swept the Teutonic nations partially clean of the corrupted traditions which the Catholic church had spread over Europe. All the Latin races—France, Spain, Portugal and Greece—practically still retain the ancient Catholic religion and traditions, while Russia merely varies her religious formula with her own Titular head of the church, calling it the Greek-Catholic church, and which is located in Russia.

Surnames. Up to this period of time (600-1100 A. D.) surnames were unknown in Europe, excepting with the ruling classes in Rome who preserved their tribal and gens names when signing formal papers or in civic procedures. We will deal with the history of Great Britain during these five centuries in the next lesson.

QUESTIONS.

Who were the Romans?

What can you tell of the early history of France?

Who settled in Spain?

What son of Noah was the father of the Arabs?

Can you explain the difference between the Arabs and Turks?

Ask a German sister to give a sketch of Germany.

Let Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian members tell the story of their native countries.

For reference and maps, see any school geography and high school history of the world.

LESSON IV.

Home Economics.

FOURTH WEEK IN MAY

FRUITS.

Fruits are valuable for their bulk or cellulose, sugar, ash constituents, vitamins and water. Their bulky content keeps us from eating an excess of concentrated foods, and the indigestible cellulose in fruits increases the peristaltic action of the intestines which is in most cases a distinct advantage. The caloric value is due largely to the sugar content as the relative food value of fruits is almost in direct proportion to percentage of sugar contained. The ash constituents are valuable for their alkalinity, which tends to neutralize the acid forming elements from meat and eggs, while the vitamins or growth producing element in fruits is of decided value.

In addition to the value of the indigestible cellulose as a safeguard against constipation, the great American evil, the pulp of the fruit is considered more laxative than the skin, or the skin and the pulp. There seems to be an astringent element in the skins which reacts against the laxative value of most fruits. In addition to this the mineral acids such as malic, tartaric and citric are of decided value for their milk laxative properties.

Fruits as well as vegetables used in liberal quantities in the diet tend to correct intestinal putrefaction which results from the use of too much meat. This correction is made by stimulating the peristaltic movement of the intestines and also by furnishing a medium less favorable to the growth of putrefactive bacteria.

Fruits are of distinct value in their alkaline elements.

Experiments have proved that a liberal use of vegetables and fruits diminish the acidity of the urine, showing that the acid of the meat and eggs has been neutralized. The habit of eating potatoes with meals is a good one, as the acid of the meat is neutralized by the alkalinity of the potato. In order to avoid an excess of acid it is well to adopt Dr. Sherman's rule of food expenditure, *i. e.*, "allows as much money for the purchase of vegetables, fruit and milk (which have an excess of alkalinity) as for the purchase of the acid-forming fruits, meats, fish, and eggs."

Green fruits are largely cellulose, starch and acid. When ripening begins the starch gradually changes to sugar and the acid content is also decreased. In addition to this the changes which take place bring out the different flavors of the fruits. Pectin or the vegetable gum which causes some fruit juices to jelly is found in larger proportions in fruits that are a little underripe. As ripening proceeds this pectin decreases, hence apples that jelly when a little underripe may not produce satisfactory jelly later in the season.

Fresh fruits are considered rather bulky foods, as it takes one large orange, three peaches, and two medium apples, and almost a box of strawberries to make one hundred caloric portion. However, when fruits are preserved or jelled they are one of our concentrated foods. One and a half to two tablespoons of these are equal to one hundred caloric portion.

The census reports for 1909 show that the annual production of fruits and nuts is valued at \$222,024,000.00. Of the small fruits, strawberries are the most valuable and of the larger ones apples have the lead. About 10 per cent of the total production is dried and marketed. The percentage of waste in many of the towns in Utah is much greater than that.

Another change of the Italian proverb, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," is "An apple at night makes the dental bills light."

The crisp texture of the apple scours out the starchy substance which ferment between the teeth.

Fruits which are highest in iron are: grapes, strawberries, prunes, raisins and plums. Those highest in phosphorus are: rhubarb, pineapple, plums and raspberries. These fruits are of special value in cases of anemia when blood and nerve tissue need to be replenished.

In regard to the stored or canned fruits or vegetables we suggest the following tabulation of spoilage, if any, of the different methods used.

Kind	Cold Pack	Pressure Cooker	Boiler	Open Kettle
	Salt	Drying	Sand	Paper

Think of loss in terms of percentage. If one can is lost out of ten, that is 10 per cent, and a higher loss than should be necessary.

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QUESTIONS.

For what are fruits valuable?

Discuss the laxative properties of fruits.

Discuss value of fruits for their alkaline element.

Compare composition of green with ripe fruits.

What can your organization do to prevent waste of fruit in your locality?

Are you earning skilled or unskilled wages in putting up fruits. Compare home products with market products.

The Gospel Standard

J. K. R.

B. CECIL GATES,

1. The Gos - pel standard high is raised, On Zi - on's sa - cred
2. Earth to its love - li - ness restored, Shall ec - ho back the

The first system of musical notation for 'The Gospel Standard'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 4/4 time. The treble staff contains two lines of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: '1. The Gos - pel standard high is raised, On Zi - on's sa - cred' and '2. Earth to its love - li - ness restored, Shall ec - ho back the'.

shore; Rejoice, ye Saints, our God be praised, Proud Satan's reign is
strains From thousand heav'nly choirs poured When Christ in triumph

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are: 'shore; Rejoice, ye Saints, our God be praised, Proud Satan's reign is' and 'strains From thousand heav'nly choirs poured When Christ in triumph'.

CHORUS,

o'er; The bright mil - len - nium dawns at
reigns. The bright mil - len - nium dawns

The chorus section of the song. It begins with a key signature change to D major (two sharps). The lyrics are: 'o'er; The bright mil - len - nium dawns at' and 'reigns. The bright mil - len - nium dawns'.

last, The faith - ful shall be free, be

The final system of musical notation. The lyrics are: 'last, The faith - ful shall be free, be'.

free, Christ will re - ward their tri - als
Christ will reward their tri - als

past, With im - mor - tal - i - ty.....
rit.

THE WILD SUN-FLOWER

By Maud Baggarley.

Brave flower of the desert ways
That clothes in beauty parched and dreary fields,
Thy spirit yields
Unto my soul
A measure of its fortitude,
For this I know:
That One who bade thee forth to go
Earth's darkness to illumine,
That One who had the thought divine
To hide the ugliness and gloom
Of Earth
With glory such as thine,
Can kindle in my heart a flame of light
That through its high divinity
Shall make
The whole wide world more bright!

Resurrection.

By Lucy S. Burnham.

Dearest mother, Spring is here,
The birds are all returning.
With wondrous songs of great delight,
For home their hearts are yearning;
A youthful hush is Nature's mood,
As if she scarce dared breathe,
So great her joy to hear the birds,
Harsh sounds might make them leave.

I hear their sweet notes calling,
When from my bed I rise,
I see the flowers peeping.
I note in glad surprise
The Easter Lily's petals
Burst forth as if to bloom,
Sweet emblem of the coming
Of Christ from out the tomb.

My heart so lone and saddened,
Takes courage at the sight.
My weary brain seemed maddened,
All through the wintry night.
Where'er I looked, dear mother,
Death stared me in the face,
I could not even dream of thee
Except in Death's embrace.

A wondrous peace steals o'er me,
And banished is the gloom.
I know that thy dear body
That now lies in the tomb
Will come forth as these petals,
To bloom in life and love.
And you'll be there to greet me
When I reach that home above.



OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

Top: Mrs. Emily Gladwin, Pocatello Stake; Mrs. Rebecca N. Cutler, Curlew Stake.

Center: Mrs. Aroetta H. Holgate, Duchesne Stake; Mrs. Mayme H. Laird, Bingham Stake.

Lower: Mrs. Martha E. Roberts, Star Valley Stake; Mrs. La Priel G. Hyer, Benson Stake.